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SHOT WIFE AND HIMSELF

GUSTAV ROEDER FAILS TO MURDER BUT SUCCEEDS IN SUICIDE.

Three Bullets in His Wife's Body as She Kneels on the Floor, Fires Valiantly at Her Son and Then Shoots Himself Through the Head—Suicide Leaves a Letter of Abuse.

After firing three bullets at his wife Mary as she seriously wounding her, and one at his twelve-year-old son Otto yesterday, at 332 East Fourth street, Gustav Roeder, a real estate agent, turned his revolver on himself and fired the maiming bullet into his temple killing him instantly.

Roeder and his wife did not live together, but he had an ungraceful temper, according to his neighbors, and was always quarrelling. She was a quiet industrious woman. Roeder left home about a year ago and went to live at 31 St. Marks place, where he had a real estate office. Mrs. Roeder and her two sons, Etienne, who is 19 years old, and Otto, lived at 332 East Fourth street in the basement. She the rest of the house for furnished room. Roeder claimed his wife occasionally to demand money, his sons say. Yesterday afternoon Roeder paid one of his usual visits. The first shot he fired was at his wife, who was sitting at the desk drawing. His mother was busy doing the laundry.

"Get out of this, quick!" Roeder yelled at his son.

Otto beat a hasty retreat and ran into the yard, where he began to play with some of his friends. Roeder threw the boy's desk on the floor, jumped on it and broke it into fragments which he kicked about the room. Then he turned his attention to his wife. In the meantime Otto had crept up to the open window and looked in. His father saw him, and, quick as lightning pulled a revolver from his hip pocket and fired point blank at the boy.

Otto dropped to the ground and the bullet whizzed harmlessly over his head. The fall saw him fall and with a yell he turned the corner on his wife, and fired three at her. Mrs. Roeder threw her arms across her breast at this saved her life. The first bullet struck him in the arm, a second in the right shoulder and the third in the leg. The woman sank faintly. She had not time to think of anything but that she had killed both his wife and so pointed the muzzle of the revolver at his right temple and pulled the trigger. The bullet passed completely through his head, coming out on the other side flattened.

In the basement, scrambled to his feet as he rushed upstairs, yelling at the top of his voice "Murder! Police!"

Neeman and Mrs. Roeder was taken to the hospital. The police had been searching and two letters were found in his pockets. One was addressed to his daughter, Mrs. Emma Erickson, of Woodbine street, Brooklyn. Another was addressed to the Reporters, and abused Mrs. Roeder. Her son said last night that his mother had inherited a few months ago 72,000 marks from his father, but she had not received it. He had not got the money yet, but expected to get it, he said, in a month or so. He believed that his father had been a very successful money and had come to the home to get so much of it.

Up to three years ago," said Mrs. Roeder in the hospital last night. "My husband and I were very comfortable and we had plenty of money. Then he began to neglect me for another woman and we agreed to separate. We divided our money equally. My husband came back three weeks ago and asked to live with him again. When I refused he threatened to shoot me. That's the last I saw of him until to-day, when he came to my house to shoot me. I was on my knees when he fired at me."

THE NEWSWOMAN.

An Object of Decided Interest to Many Among the City's Visitors.

A figure now familiar in the city's streets to those who live here, but never before novel or interesting to the strangers, is that of the woman. There are many people to whom the sight of a woman standing in a blouse and skirt, selling newspapers, is a strange sight, and it is by no means unusual for one to see a boy, for the sake of having the novel experience. Sometimes strangers stop and talk with the newswoman, very likely, middle-aged or philanthropic men, who are interested in seeing a woman engaged in this kind of life. Some of the men, who are interested in the newswoman, are men and his wife, strangers, walking along the street, will stop and buy newspapers. Some of the men, who are interested in the newswoman, are men and his wife both having something to say to her, perhaps, and the wife smiling and friend. Sometimes such a couple the newswoman will stand a little apart, not so much interested in the man, but in talking, she is less likely to regard the newswoman as a thing rather than a person, for she knows that a woman can do anything.

As for the newswoman herself, she is a wife to the police stranger, and she is not unusual for her to take in a couple of minutes for a once evening enter with a result. I am engaged in this kind of life. Some of the men, who are interested in the newswoman, are men and his wife, strangers, walking along the street, will stop and buy newspapers. Some of the men, who are interested in the newswoman, are men and his wife both having something to say to her, perhaps, and the wife smiling and friend. Sometimes such a couple the newswoman will stand a little apart, not so much interested in the man, but in talking, she is less likely to regard the newswoman as a thing rather than a person, for she knows that a woman can do anything.

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